

P. M. BRICE, } PROPRIETORS.
J. Q. DAVIS, }
P. M. BRICE, } Editor.
J. Q. DAVIS, }

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1888.

Valued.

With this issue of the paper my connection with THE NEWS AND HERALD terminates.

When I assumed the duties of an editor twelve months ago I determined that the work which I would contribute to the paper should be performed at night; that my duties as an editor should not interfere with my work in the practice of my profession, to which I allotted the daytime.

I have learned in the course of the year that it is not possible to serve two masters; that in the conflicting exactions of the two, the just demands of both are neglected, and in the future I will devote my entire time to the practice of my profession—the Law.

THE NEWS AND HERALD will continue under able and faithful management. I bespeak for the present proprietors, the support which I know they will deserve, and which will redound to the well-being of the whole people of the county whose best interests the paper has striven at all times to subserve.

E. B. RAGSDALE.

Valued.

The connection of the undersigned with THE NEWS AND HERALD dates from the 1st of January, 1885, but with this issue it terminates, and the editorial mantle he has worn for that period will fall on worthy shoulders. During that time he has striven to the best of his ability to conduct the department to which he was assigned, for the best interest of the county and the public generally. But with a desire to return to his first love—the law—he lays down the editorial pen with the hope that the mistakes which he has made in the conduct of the business will be attributed to the head and not the heart, and with best wishes for the future of the Fairfield NEWS AND HERALD.

W. L. McDONALD.

Salutary.

Having purchased the interest and good will of the present proprietors in THE NEWS AND HERALD, with this issue, we assume its full management and control.

In the future management of the paper, Jas. Q. Davis will conduct the business department of the paper more especially, frequently contributing, however, to its columns as his other business will permit. The editorial and other literary work of the paper will be conducted by Paul M. Brice, for the most part.

The new proprietors, in entering upon journalistic work, fully appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking. Believing, as it is, that the press is a mighty power in the moulding, direction and expression of public opinion, they know full well that vast responsibility rests upon them in assuming control of this paper. Nevertheless they take upon their shoulders the mantle that has fallen upon them, trusting that, by assiduous attention to duty and by careful consideration of the best interests of the State and county, they shall discharge this responsibility worthily.

The policy of the paper will be conservative in all things. It is superfluous for us to state that it will continue in the future, as in the past, to hold steadily to the principles of the Democratic party. We shall, at all times, nevertheless, hold ourselves free to fearlessly contend against any measure or measures in the administration of the party or government which would be to the detriment of the State and with equal courage uphold that which is best.

We shall always follow the truth wherever it may lead, believing as Seneca once said to Nero: "I had rather offend thee by truth than please thee by flattery."

Our constant effort will be to make this a county paper in deed and in truth. With this as our purpose we shall always endeavor to attain it, giving all men and measures a fair and impartial consideration. We have no axe to grind ourselves, neither do we propose to turn the stone for any man or men in grinding their teeth.

Taking up the work where the late proprietors left it, we shall keep it at its already high standard aiming at all times to push it onward and upward in the journalistic scale.

In concluding we most earnestly invite all good and true citizens of the county to aid us with their co-operation and support in building up the paper. Without it we can do nothing.

The year 1888 opens with brighter prospects than for many years. Nature has bounteously responded to the work of the farmer and all other professions have prospered thereby. Cheered on by these happy prospects, and believing that we shall receive a hearty support, we shall energetically endeavor to make this paper, a journal worthy of the confidence of the people and an honor to the county.

PAUL M. BRICE.

JAS. Q. DAVIS.

Retrospect and Prospect.

Quite accidentally there has fallen into our hands an address which was delivered by Col. John P. Thomas in 1875 on "South Carolina in Arms, Arts and Industries: A View of the Past, Present and Future of the Commonwealth."

The address is published in pamphlet form; it is an erudite and polished effort, dealing in part with the literature of the State, in which it is itself entitled to a permanent place.

It is impossible to do justice to this address in the limited sphere of an editorial article, and it is not our pur-

pose to write anything like a full review of it; it serves here only to invite us to a brief retrospect—a glance back at the records of the Commonwealth which are heroic in the ensemble, as Col. Thomas has abundantly shown.

A soldier himself, Col. Thomas speaks of the soldiers of South Carolina with a fervid and fairly classic eloquence. "Honor, therefore, to the soldiery," he says, "officers and men alike, who in the last war of the State did their duty. Though no monumental pile, no costly column may rise to attest their loyalty and mark the gratitude of their countrymen, yet will the pen of history do full justice to their matchless gallantry."

"Upon fame's eternal camping-ground their snow-white tents are spread, And glory guards with solemn round The bivouac of the dead."

Col. Thomas shows, too, that the popular notion, which is to some extent prevalent, that the State has contributed nothing to the literature of the century is not altogether well founded. He argues that while our literature is necessarily in a transition state, that "it may, nevertheless, be claimed that our literary achievements have been neither limited in number nor wanting in a considerable degree of excellence." And the orator quotes a long list of names already known to fame.

Col. Thomas turns aside, as it were, to pay a just and well-merited tribute to South Carolina's public men. "And it may be justly observed that few States have been served by so pure and so able a body of statesmen. Rutledge, of Roman spirit and heroic mould, and intrepid Gadsden rise before us in native honor clad; and Lowndes, Pinckney, Hayne, Hamilton, McDuffie, Calhoun, Elmore, Butler and Preston are all worthy names."

But to their honor it may be affirmed of them that in public duty they were "tall men, sun-crowned, who lived above the fog, men who would neither lie nor steal—whom the lust of office could not seduce nor the spoils of office buy."

The address, though delivered at a time when public sentiment had almost despaired of the future, is yet hopeful. Indeed its language is prophetic. "Our redemption," says the speaker, "is in our own hands. If we remain true to ourselves, amid corruption, remain incorruptible; keep the whiteness of our souls; prove worthy to be the recipients of the blessings that are to come from the victories of the future; if we sagaciously use the hands and the brains with which God has endowed us, we hold that it is possible for us to establish in South Carolina a new civilization stronger, purer and better than that which went down with the banner of the Southern Confederacy—one more muscular and broader based. The elements of this civilization are around and about us. We have only to seize them and mould them to our high purpose."

These were brave words courageously spoken, and the prophecy which they embodied has been literally fulfilled.

The concluding observation that we have around us, the elements of a civilization yet higher than any that we have ever attained, is a manifest truth; and the fabric of that civilization is even now being reared.

Taking into consideration the time that this address was delivered it is all in all a remarkable production—able, polished and patriotic.

A Plea for a Prince.

True, the Prince of Wales was a little wild in his youth, but even then he didn't employ many equestrians, but got in his fine work himself. 'Twas in those days long ago that he acquired a somewhat false idea of the frivolity and frailty of the American character upon which these stories are founded, American pastures; but since his acquaintance with James Gillespie Blaine and Allen Thorndike Rice he has observed that in the make-up of the American character virtue is not necessarily divorced from wit, nor folly joined to luxuriance, and the Prince has become a very Latter Day saint in his demeanor and attentions to American womanhood.—New York Star.

The observation of the Star is called forth by the alleged refusal of an American girl to waltz with his Royal Highness, which the Star says is a mere hoax, "invented to create enthusiasm in Chicago and to awe Boston."

The Star says a good many nice things about the Prince, and then knocks all his teeth out with the back-handed blow that "he has become a very Latter Day saint in his demeanor and attentions to American womanhood."

The Latter Day saint is not an orthodox pattern in this hemisphere or George F. Edmunds and a few other people are mistaken.

Smiled to Death.

There is no force more formidable than ridicule; the smile of contempt makes even sacred things look mean.

About two years ago Mr. Tillman started his "movement" to power; slowly, at first, the procession traveled, gathering strength as it went. Several conventions were held in Columbia, one of which, in the arrangement of its new-found power, insulted the Chief Executive of the State. Everything yielded to the movement, the solid arguments of the opposition—the calm protests of public prudence—were swept away like chaff before the storm.

At last a convention was called, which was to inaugurate the principles of the new school. With inexplicable wisdom it endorsed "the powers that be" and adjourned, and Mr. Tillman left Columbia in silent but precipitate haste. Then it was that the State smiled from the "mountains to the seaboard." The apostle of the last pilgrimage had been immolated upon the altar of his country's good, before he had enjoyed that coveted privilege of "meeting the oligarchy at Philippi."

The smiles of the opposition had destroyed him.

What Shall We Do?

The problems unsolved in negro suffrage have been placed in the hands of the Southern States for solution. Our part now should be and must be to try to solve them wisely and fairly, and with due regard for every personal and public interest concerned in their solution. This, we believe, to be the desire and the determination of the Southern people.—News and Courier.

And what are we going to do about it? The desire to settle these problems is a dormant one, and the determination of the people has as yet but a potential existence; in the meantime the politics of the country is rocking along, a sort of a public compromise between what is and what ought to be.

It is folly to suppose that things can remain always as they are, a stable equilibrium is an impossibility in nature. The remedy suggests itself to thoughtful minds; is there any salvation for us in a qualified suffrage? Would the material progress of the country or any of the substantial rights of men suffer by such a law?

What we want in this country is peace, and the opportunities which it brings to work out our substantial happiness; peace from political struggles and the fear of alien domination. It seems to us that these objects can be achieved only by placing a limitation on the right of suffrage.

Wipe it Away!

Within the short space of a year there have been in South Carolina three crimes committed, which aside from others are the blackest stains upon the fair name of the State. First, the killing of Col. J. B. Jones at Newberry; second, the killing of a negro by J. D. Rattee at Chester; and third, the late affray at Sumter. All of these, be it remembered, occurred in Courts of Justice, the one place of all that should be free from such profanation. In each case some life went out. One case has been finally settled by the acquittal of the offender. The others remain to be settled.

Looking at them from any standpoint they were all monstrous outrages against civilization and society, especially the one in Sumter, where an innocent witness was the victim of the ready pistol. We have no desire to call for the blood of any man, but we do say that the reproach cast upon South Carolina should be speedily wiped away by the infliction of the penalty against such offenders. There is no excuse in the matter. If the Courts of Justice in South Carolina are to be made the battle ground of angry disputants better do away with them at once, and let anarchy reign supreme.

Don't! Don't! Don't! Don't! Don't!

A week ago I ran up to Chester. It was my first visit in nine years. The town seems to be at a standstill. Her sidewalks are in wretched condition. Looking at them, filled with puddles of water and mud, I could not help being proud of Abbeville. In this respect our town beats them all. In beautiful flower yards Fort Pickens itself lays Chester entirely in the shade. Chester is ahead in one thing. She has a barber shop run by a colored woman which is patronized by the best citizens of the place.

Fairfield county looked very desolate from the train. She needs low taxes if any county in the State does. She is ahead in one thing, however. She has a Methodist preacher who rides a bicycle.—R. R. II. in Abbeville Medium.

This is not funny. It was quite the part of supererogation, too, for the rural scribe to have told his readers that he doesn't go from home often. It certainly was.

Go back to the flower gardens of Fort Pickens, Bobbie; come out once a year, for it seems that you are a Pharisee as well as a Scribe, and "thank God that you are not as the heathens are," but don't come out to perpetrate any more vituperations. You are a failure at that. It will make you sad enough.

The Architect of His Own Fortune.

The late Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, was a typical American. His career affords another instance in which genius has carved out its own destiny. He began life as an errand boy in a printing office, and rose through all the minor gradations to the position of editor-in-chief. He became also a banker, and it was as one of the most successful financiers in the country that he was invited by President Cleveland to accept the portfolio of the Treasury.

He struggled many years with poverty, but his industry, his frugality and his talents triumphed at last, and the errand boy of the Albany Argus became an honored member of a Cabinet of "the greatest government that the world has ever seen."

He illustrated the immense possibilities of American citizenship. His death, which occurred but recently, brought messages of condolence from Kings and Queens in every part of the eastern hemisphere.

Bait Refused.

Every additional item of news from Chester concerning the killing of Jack Reed by Rattee makes the transaction look all the uglier for Rattee. Judge Witherspoon has refused to grant his petition for bail.

Reed had gone with his wife to the office of a trial justice where she was in the act of swearing out a warrant to have Rattee bound over to keep the peace. While there Rattee came in; some words passed between him and the prosecutrix, whereupon he drew his pistol and fired at the woman; a second shot followed in quick succession and Jack Reed, who it seems had not so much as spoken, was instantly killed.

In this simple narrative no palliation can be found for this monstrous crime; it was a bold, brutal, senseless murder, deliberately planned and mercilessly executed. The law must be enforced.

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It seems after all that the honor of producing Andrew Jackson belongs to the old North State. He was, according to Mr. Parton, the historian, born in Union county, North Carolina.

We won't quarrel about it; South Carolina has produced many men who were worthy of the Presidency. Gen. Jackson was not a great man, as greatness will be understood in the future; he belonged, however, to that Cromwellian order of beings whom Mr. Carlyle has apotheosized in his "Hero's Hero Worship" and the Heroic in History."

JUSTICE SAMUEL F. MILLER of the Supreme Court of the United States, contributes a very able article to the last number of the American Law Review on "The System of Trial by Jury." He argues with great cogency, that unanimity in the jury should not be required to make a valid verdict in civil cases, and on this point his conclusion will in all probability sooner or later commend itself to the legislative mind.

BELGARIA, that little Balkan bone of international contention, has just voted 26,000,000 francs for fortifying Bulgarian ports. The vain struggle of this heroic little people for independence, for this is their ultimate aim, must excite the sympathies of the world. Their recent overthrow of the Servian invasion at the battle of Suvlinz was worthy to be classed with the famous Greek victory at Salamis.

The Charlotte Daily Hornet did us the honor to reproduce in its editorial columns our article on Senator Jones, of Florida, entitled "A Checkered Career." But the Hornet omitted to accredit the article to us. We are not disposed, however, to get angry with our contemporary about the matter, the omission was probably an oversight. We are rather disposed to accept, with thanks, the compliment implied in the premises.

ARGENTINA is working up a boom to improve navigation on the Savannah. She is "going in for the old flag and an appropriation." We have no objection—anything to compete with the railroads.

GREENVILLE, by an overwhelming majority, has voted an immense subscription to the Carolina, Knoxville & Western Railroad.

Andrew Jackson's Birth-Place.

(After Journal and Review.)

A few weeks ago the Journal and Review published a letter written by Andrew Jackson to Governor Hammond, wherein he referred to South Carolina as his native State. We noted at the time that Parton's "Life of Jackson" gives North Carolina the credit of being Jackson's birth-place, notwithstanding that Jackson in public speeches and letters referred always to South Carolina as his native State. Goodwin's "Life of Jackson" says Andrew Jackson was born at Waxah, in the State of South Carolina, on the 15th of March, 1767. Mr. Parton, in his more elaborate history, claims Union county, North Carolina, as the place, and he gives a number of affidavits to back up his statement.

The following letter from Mr. Parton in reference to the subject was received recently by a gentleman in Aiken:

"Dear Sir: Andrew Jackson was born at a place which, at the time, was supposed to be in the State of South Carolina. Some years after, when the boundary line was rectified and fixed by the legislative commission, it was found that the birth-place of Jackson was on the North Carolina side of the line, about 200 yards from South Carolina. This is the explanation of the discrepancy.

"Respectfully yours,

"JAMES PARTON."

The Old Dominion Never Tires. Quite a deal of excitement was created to-day by the announcement that some one here had drawn \$10,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, and there was a general scrutiny of tickets by those who had invested. In a short time it was learned that Mr. T. M. Benson, the efficient chief clerk of the office of the Old Dominion S. S. Co., was the lucky possessor of the ticket.—Norfolk (Va.) Virginian, Nov. 11.



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, light weight adulterated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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BLUE GRASS

SULKY PLOWS

—AND OTHER—

FARM MACHINERY.

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Those who use water from wells or cisterns ought to have one of our WATER ELEVATORS AND PULVERIZERS. Come to me and look at my circular.

I keep on hand every quality of Machine Oil, and Axle Grease. I can furnish Engines and Cotton Gins and Presses of the best make.

It is my business to furnish farmers with anything they may need of the best quality and at fair prices. My John G. Gladden will always be on hand to repair Cook Stoves and sharpen Gin Saws in the best manner.

JAMES FAGAN.

HE WAS GREATLY MISTAKEN.

A Maryland Chemist Reasoned Without His Host.

I live in the midst of the malarial districts of Maryland, near the city of Washington, and am exposed to all the dangerous influences of the impure air and water of that region.

Being naturally of a strong constitution, I had frequently boasted that no chills and fever or other malarious complaint would ever trouble me.

This was my experience and the condition in which I found myself six months ago. I first noticed that I did not feel so sprightly and vigorous as was my wont to do. I felt tired and enervated. Soon I noticed a distinct and distressing back ache would make its appearance in the afternoon, increasing in severity if the exercise was more than usually violent. Then a stretchy feeling with profuse gaping made its appearance. Then my head, always clear as a bell, would feel heavy and I began to have headaches.

The cold stage was marked with chattering of the teeth, severe rigors passed over me, and no amount of clothing could keep me warm. The chill was succeeded in turn by the fever, in which I seemed to be burning up, the congestion in my head produced a violent pain in the frontal portion and a heated sensation of the eyelids, with an indescribable aching of the lower limbs. Nausea and vomiting occurred with severe retchings, and when the paroxysms passed off I was thoroughly prostrated by a weakness that was felt in every part of me.

I dragged myself with quinine, and obtained some relief. But my respite was of brief duration. I was now so much reduced that I could hardly walk or stand upright. My disease soon culminated in a continued malarial fever which kept me closely confined for about a week. I became exceedingly depressed and morbid, so much so that I lost interest in my work, and, indeed, scarcely cared what happened to me.

During all this time, it must be understood that I did not neglect medical treatment. All the most powerful remedies were tried, such as liquid arsenate of potash, valerianate of iron, mercury, bromide of potassium, chloride of bismuth, chinoline, chinchonidia, quinine and several others. All this I did under the advice of eminent physicians.

It was while I was in this deplorable condition that the claims made for Kaskine, the new quinine, as a specific for malaria, were first brought to my attention. I knew nothing of its value to justify my having any confidence in it, but as everything else had failed I deemed it my duty to try it, so I began its use, and its prompt and radical effects were of the nature of a revelation to me. Many people may think the statement scarcely credible, but it is a fact that after only a few days use of Kaskine all the leading symptoms in my case were decidedly abated or ceased altogether; and in a few weeks from the time I took the first dose I was cured.

This was about the first of January, and since then I have experienced no recurrence of the malarial symptoms in any form. A remedy of such exceptional virtue for the cure of malaria ought to be commended and universally made known. I have therefore urged it upon the attention of my friends, several of whom have used it with like good results in every case, and it is with the greatest pleasure and sincerity that I commend Kaskine to sufferers from malaria everywhere.

Respectfully yours,

J. D. HERN, B. A.,

Assistant Chemist Maryland Agricultural College.

P. S.—Should any one wish to address me as to the genuineness of the above letter, I will cheerfully respond. Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of no doubted merit, will be sent on application. Price \$1.00, or six bottles, \$5.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

The Kaskine Company, 54 Warren St., New York, and 35 Farringdon Road, London.

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lot of Winter Millinery Goods. As the season is advanced they will be sold at a

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Children's Woolen Goods, such as Sacques and Hoods. Ladies' Wishing Hats can be suited both in the latest styles and prices, as our motto is Quick Sales and Small Profits.

MRS. J. D. McCARLEY.

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COFFEE is kept in all first-class stores from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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Is never good when exposed to the air. Always buy this brand in hermetically sealed ONE POUND PACKS.

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CAPITAL PRIZE, \$150,000.

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PEOPLE!

We do hereby certify that we express the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with the presentation of our signatures attached, in all advertisements.

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